

When Worlds Collide

by Waltzing Muse

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Summary: For Evelyne, building a life out of the broken one she left behind was not easy. Her ugly past still caught up with her and almost got her killed. Left little options, she returned to the only family that had ever mattered. Mending broken relationships is hard enough, add in an uptight Autobot SIC, secret organizations and Decepticons and you have mission impossible. (Prowl/OC)

1. Prologue

Disclaimer:

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A Quick Note:

Dear Readers,

Thanks for giving my story a shot. It has been awhile since I have written anything but this story had been in my mind for almost a year just begging to be written. With the support of my wonderful friends, I finally have the courage to pick up the pen once more (or in this case, boot up my laptop).

This story will be based mostly from the Micheal Bay films roughly a few years after Revenge of the Fallen. For now, I don't believe the story will lead to the third film. It will also be based a lot from the G1 universe cause I love a lot of the characters from that series.

Last thing of course is that this story is a Prowl/OC fic but it will be a slow-build cause I really believe that relationships, especially romantic ones need time to develop especially when you have a character as emotionally constipated as Prowl and Evelyne has her own issues to work out first as well. But sparks are sure to develop and

I hope to do the characters justice.

So without further delay. Please enjoy!

* * *

><p>Prologue:**

Evelyne stared up at the darkness blankly, wondering if she had passed out. Oddly enough, she couldn't really remember if she had or not. There was a gap in her memory that she could not recall. However, for some twisted reason, the period before and after that blank remained with her with stunning clarity. That and the pain radiating through her body were amongst the first things which screamed for her attention.

_"__You have some damn nerve coming back here like this!"_

She shut her eyes trying to get the voices in her head to stop. She wanted to cover her ears in an attempt to block out the noises but her left arm protested too much to let her do so. It was probably broken. That would make sense.

_"__You fucking traitor!"_

She probably deserved that accusation though the words had not stunned any less.

_"__You think you can just leave us just like that?!"_

She laughedâ€|or tried to before choking in her own blood that was building inside her mouth. The salty metallic taste was familiar and bitter. It was like swallowing pride or choking on her own failure. She hated it.

Yeah, she really had thought she could leave just like that. Or at least run and never come back. And yet, here she was, back to this little quiet neighborhood of her youth. Back to where all her bitter memories had spawned from. It seemed fitting that everything should end here.

Her face felt wet. Was she actually crying?

She opened her eyes meeting the darkness once again. Despite her senses being dulled by pain radiating through her body, she could still smell the wet pavement and hear the light splatter of rain. The cold droplets were uncaring of where it was landing, whether it being the ground, the roofs, the metal railing or her broken body.

So it was raining. She hadn't been crying. She wasn't surprised. A bit disappointed, but not surprised. She could not remember the last time she had cried. Yes, raining made more sense. It always rained excessively around this time of year.

She wouldn't cry. Not for herself. She would not have deserved it.

If she were to die now at this moment she would probably deserve it. Hell, if anything she should have died five years ago. It would seem only right that she should return all those few stolen years that had

been almost peaceful compared to the earlier times of her adolescence. Would she have regrets? Yes, but that mattered very little now. After all, death waited for no one.

And death was a huge possibility right now. She was not arrogant to say she was too young to die. Death was non-discriminative of gender, race, social status or age. If she did not pass out and die from the blood lost, she was going to choke in her own vomit and blood. Even if that miraculously did not kill her, hypothermia was going to finish the job. There was no one around to help her and she had lost the ability to call or reach out for help. She was slowly losing sensations to her limbs. At least the pain was starting to fade too.

She was going to die here in this dark alley behind some unknown building. Nobody was going to find her cold dead body until many hours or even days later. The local news may bother to mention her death. A tragic story about a young woman who didn't even make it into her mid-twenties and was simply at the wrong place at the wrong time, beaten to death by people suspected to be drunk.

God, how cliché.

On the other hand, investigators may find the connection to her sketchy past if they were smart enough. If they did, the news may reveal a different story. A story of how a young delinquent was involved in one of those many violent gang fights and never came out of it alive. One bad decision too many. At least, that would be the story revealed to the public. People would hear it shaking their head, saying something like _"So young, such a waste. Could have made something of herself"_ and then go on with their daily lives.

It did not matter that she had left that violent past years ago. It did not matter that she had been trying to make a better life for herself. It just did not matter to anyone nor did it matter to her anymore. She had been running and fate had a way of catching up to those who run. She had made mistakes and it was time to pay up.

Karma was such a bitch.

But when it came down to it, everything up to this moment had been of her own doing. It was that one phrase that kept repeating itself almost drowning out all those other vicious remarks attacking her mind. They were the last words whispered in her head before she passed out again from the cold and blood lost.

_"__You got what you deserved."_

* * *

><p>Author's Notes:<p>

Thank you for reading. Please review as it is always great motivation. Constructive reviews are welcome. Flames will be ignored. Till next time!

****Disclaimer:**** Transformers rightfully belongs to Hasbro and Michael Bay. Evelynne is mine to keep.

****Rated T:**** For coarse language (English and Cybertronian), mild violence and some sexually suggestive scenes. If I feel the need to increase the rating, I will give plenty of warning.

Dear Readers,

Thank you for joining me again on this journey again. I know the prologue only provided a brief glimpse of what is to come. It is a prologue after all. For those of you who decided to give my story a try, here is the first chapter. I like writing long chapters so be warned.

Oh yes one more thing, Jazz did not die in this story like he did in the movie.

Please enjoy!

* * *

><p>Chapter 1: Startling News

The two paramedics burst through the automated sliding doors entering the ER with their precious cargo. The tension and urgency that was admitted from the two EMS response individual was palpable to any bystanders. They were instantly received by the medical team. The senior paramedic in charge instantly started stating all the information to the medical staff as he helped them to wheel the patient into a predetermined spot in the ER wing.

"We have a Jane Doe in her early twenties. Found unconscious in a back alley. She has been non-responsive since we found her, multiple injuries including head trauma to the occipital lobe, and has signs of likely fracture to her left humerus and dislocation to the left shoulder. She's suffering from hypothermia and respiratory distress. Her airway is clear but there are signs of internal damage including upper contusions found from the mid to lower chest cavity. High possibility of broken ribs 5th to 7th on the right side."

"Is there anyone who saw what happened to her?" Dr. Gale, one of the main ER doctors, asked as he did a full body assessment. Shining a pen light to the woman's eyes, the pupils reacted to the light shone. That was a good sign.

"No. We responded to a 911 distress call that requested for medical aide. But she was found alone in the alley when we got to her."

"It's possible she made the call herself."

"There is no way to confirm that right now."

"Fair enough. Ok 1... 2... 3 lift!" The doctor counted before working together with his medical team to transfer the patient from the stretcher to a hospital bed.

Dr. Gale continued to work in stabilizing the woman, barking out orders while relying on his medical team to follow through.

"Her BP and pulse is dropping, she's going into shock!"

"Give her a dose of adrenaline and get the crash cart ready!" No sooner as Dr. Gale made that order, an ominous hum emitted from the vital monitors as if to confirm his morbid prediction. The sound of a heartbeat flat lining.

"Shit!"

The woman's heart had given up and the medical team were spurred into immediate action in trying to revive it. To the other patients staying in the ER, the sounds admitting behind the closed curtains as they tried to save this newly admitted patient had seemed like pure pandemonium.

"Clear!"

The sound of the defibrillator shocking the woman's heart resounded within the room followed by the continuing sound of a flat lined heartrate as if mocking the medical team.

"Still no pulse" one of the nurses reported, her expression grim.

"Come on, come on!" the doctor muttered urgently, as if the words itself can will the woman to not give up. She was much too young. He didn't want another patient to die on his watch tonight. One was already one too many.

"Bring it up to 250!" He ordered another nurse who was calibrating the defibrillator.

"Clear!" another resounding shock.

The doctor started doing compressions on the woman's chest, counting out loud. He could feel sweat start to trickle down the back of his neck and under his scrubs from the exertion he was exhibiting into the task.

The medical staff held their breaths before letting a sound of relief as a weak but steady heartbeat restarted again from the monitor.

Dr. Gale sent a brief prayer of thanks for being able to save this young woman. Whoever she may be, he hoped that she would be able to take hold of this second chance she had been given.

"Good job team." He said looking at his staff. "Let's get her prepped for surgery."

* * *

><p>"Yes I know, I am sorry that I'm late for dinner." Dr. Gale paused as he listened to his wife on the other end of the line. "I just have a few things to finish up before I leave."<p>

He paused again before a small smile lifted his lips. "I will be in time to tuck our son to bed for sure. We still haven't finished Curious George from last night."

The small smile grew before it turned to a quiet chuckle filled with fondness. "I know, I love you too. I will see you soon." He hung up before he started to write the rest of his report.

"Dr. Gale?"

The doctor looked up to see one nurses standing before him, she looked just as tired as him with her brown ponytail in a bit of a mess, but her green eyes remained alert and focused.

"Yes Lisa?" he asked, worried that one of his other patients was experiencing other complications again.

"I found this in the belongings from our Jane Doe. I was going to put her stuff in storage for safekeeping when I found these in the inside pockets of her coat," the nurse explained, holding up in one hand, a sad looking bundle of wet bloody clothes that Dr. Gale guessed would likely be thrown out if ever returned to its owner. The clothes were held in a clear plastic bag along with a pair black and white running shoes and what looked to be a small brown leather backpack. With her hand, the nurse handed him two small pieces of item.

Dr. Gale took the two items from her curiously and noted that one of them was actually an identification card.

He looked back at the nurse in surprise and found her smiling at him, taking away some of the fatigue that was on her face. "I think we can stop calling her Jane Doe now," she said before turning away to continue with her work, trusting the doctor to make use of what she had discovered.

"Yes, of course," the doctor mumbled even though the nurse was gone and he was left alone with his paperwork again. He looked down at the two items in his hand. Other than the ID, the other piece was actually a photo. An old one at that. He found himself drawn to the old photograph first. Despite the wear of it, the folds and creases on the paper indicated that its owner had often taken it out to look at it.

He studied the young girl in the photo and found himself having difficulty reconciling her to the woman whom he and his medical team had brought back from the brink of death.

There were similarities if he looked closely. However, distracted as he had been when he was busy trying to save her life, he remembered some features that tied his patient to the girl in the photo. The dark brown almost black hair, the pale skin were instantly noted. The shy smile was unfamiliar but he was struck by her eyes. Amber-coloured, large and expressive. Understandably, it had been something he hadn't noticed at the time at first when he had been checking her pupils.

The man in the picture with the young girl was young and seemed full of life. With his dark hair and laughing green eyes, he was considered handsome. Holding the girl in an affectionate hug, his smile was something the doctor recognized. It was the same smile he wore whenever he spent time with his son. He knew without a doubt the man was this girl's father. His patient's father. Meaning he was most likely looking at one of his patient's next of kin.

He looked at the name on the ID card next. It was a driver's license, but an expired one. Like most photos in ID, the photo was a horrible one though it was definitely one taken of his patient. The woman's expression was solemn, a far cry from the young girl in the old photograph. Reading the name in the photo, Dr. Gale was finally able to put name to his patient.

Evelyne Lennox.

* * *

><p>"Come on! Move it move it!" Major William Lennox barked out to the soldiers. "Carter, you are lagging! Pick it up!"<p>

"Yes Sir!" the soldier in question picked up his pace to join with the rest of his teammates. In the blazing sun, out in the training ground of the NEST secret base, Will had been spending the last three hours training the fresh face soldiers. From dragging them up and out of their beds at 5 in the morning, to running drills, hopping obstacle courses and now jogging around the track course, he had been relentless in their training and only allowing brief breaks in between.

While technically being a high-ranked Major of the classified task force, training new recruits wasn't really in the job description. Will still made it a personal mission to take time out of his busy schedule to do so from time to time. His comrade-in-arms and best friend, Sergeant Robert Epps was usually the one in charge of training. Instead, today Epps was standing by his side as an observer, arms crossed in front of his wide chest and a smirk on his dark face, faintly amused at the sight of the tiring recruits.

Other soldiers of NEST that had been passing by had also smirked knowingly before going on with their assigned tasks. While they may bear some sympathy to the new recruits in their rigorous training, they had all been through the similar challenges and training when they joined this organization and it had been life-saving for them.

Before even placing foot on the secret base, all soldiers who joined the NEST for the first time, had at least a background of army basic training and had served in the force one way or another. Whether having a background in the Air Force, Army, Coast Guard, Marine Corps or the Navy, it was through careful selection, variable tests and _many_ confidentiality agreements, that a chosen few with a specialized set of skills were given the opportunity to join this exclusive unit.

Needless to say, there were always a few _'newbies'_ in the group that were a bit too cocksure of themselves and had been completely caught unprepared of what they exactly had signed up for. A trait that Lennox and Epps were quick to stamped out of them the first week out.

Whether you were a seasoned soldier or a newly recruited rookie, everyone started out the same in NEST and that was rigorous and hard-ass physical and mental training. Everyone in their team worked, ate, slept and fought together for there was no room for heroism in when they went out to fight each time. An over-confident individual that worked out-of-line could get either themselves or their team or

even both killed. Because when it came down to it, the allies in whom they worked with were very different but incredible beings while their enemies were ruthless and powerful.

Their allies, the Autobots and their enemies, Decepticons.

"I know this is part of the training, but even watching them go through this each time is enough to make me feel sore," Epps commented lightly as he eyed his friend, who stood there watching the recruits trained with a critical eye.

Will resisted the urge to roll his eye at his friend's comment. Epps could be just as strict and tough if not more, when it came to his training exercises with new soldiers. Both personally understood what can be at stake when facing battle with enemies who could easily kill you by vaporizing you to dusts or just literally stepping on you.

"You are enjoying it."

"Every damn minute."

Chuckling, Will blew on the whistle in his hand, signalling the trainees to finally stop their running. The soldiers came to stand before them in a two straight single file, stance rigid in attention. All twenty of them had sweat rolling down their forehead and staining their standard grey shirts, but their expressions remained neutral.

Will walked before them, his hands clasped behind his back as he took a moment to look at each soldier in the face. He knew that as their commanding officer, their lives may very well rest on his hands. It was a heavy burden. "You have just finished your first week of physical and mental training. You were all selected from the best to join NEST to fight alongside the Autobots against the Decepticons. While you are all skilled in particular areas, all your skills mean nothing if you don't work as a team."

His speech was met with silence as each soldier listened intently. "We are not here to be heroes. We are not here to give credits on your already accomplished success. We are here to prepare you for what you will face out there when you fight. For the next couple of weeks you will be starting to work more closely with the Autobots here at base. Like each of you, each of our Autobot allies are different in their style of fighting and expertise. You will learn to work and fight together with them. How well you learn can very much effect whether you survive the real thing when it comes."

Will had not really initially intended to give such a grim speech to their new recruits, but the memory of soldiers, both human and Autobots, whom had died fighting in the past remained fresh in his mind. He suspected the memory would continue to remain when he became old and grey. He would embrace these memories though because it was what motivated him to a better leader and a better person.

A steadily growing roar of an engine stole their attention and Will turned to see a familiar black GMC Topkick pick-up truck coming towards them at an alarming speed. However, rather than tensing to jump out way from the speeding truck like Will had noticed a lot of the new recruits were doing, both Epps and him remained calm and

stood their ground.

Just when the monstrous truck was only a few feet away from them, the black truck made a sharp turn and exploded into an impressive display of shifting metal, gears and hydraulics. When it was done, in its place stood Ironhide, one of their long-time allies, friends and to Will and his family, their guardian.

The black-coloured Autobot stood tall and intimidating. Standing a little over 25 feet, his friend easily dwarfed everyone and even some buildings nearby. His bright blue optics shone with intelligence and scrutiny as he eyed the new recruits before landing on Will and Epps. "Greetings Major Lennox, Sergeant Epps," Ironhide's voice was gravelly with a hint of amusement. Judging by his tone, Will knew very well that his friend had purposely made that showy transformation to intimidate their new recruits.

"Hey Ironhide," Will greeted back. Turning to the other soldiers he bit back a grin. "Men, I trust that you all know Ironhide." It was a rhetorical question really. From Epp's report which his friend had given to him quite enthusiastically, Ironhide had been the one to give the recruits their orientation to the Autobots on their first day. While the task had usually fallen upon Optimus Prime, Jazz or even Ratchet to be the first Autobot introduced to the new soldiers on base. By fate or design, all three of the Autobots had been preoccupied with other things and the task fell to Ironhide to give the introduction. And by introduction, he had meant a quick and rather devastating display of the weapon specialist's multiple cannons.

While Ironhide had claimed that his cannons' fire power, capable of levelling a 15 square mile radius, had been calibrated to a contained plasma burst. The results were still effective enough that the several marked dummies that had been used as targets became nothing more than scorched black marks and a large crater in the fire range. Judging from the nervous yet awed looks the soldiers were giving his guardian, they remembered the weapon specialist _very_ well.

_'__At least it hadn't been Wheeljack that did the introduction'_
Will had thought secretly at the time when Epps had finished recounting the tale. The Autobot version of a mad scientist with his equally dangerous experiments (often to his own being than not) would have discouraged even the most hardcore soldiers from wanting to remain in NEST.

_'__Or Prowlâ€¦'_ _While it would have been only natural for the Second-in-Command to take over the task when Optimus, himself was unable to. The last time Prowl had done the introduction, the law-enforcing Autobot had started giving a lecture in all the rules and regulations of the NEST base before the recruits even have had time to take in the shock of seeing a twenty feet Cybertronian standing before them. The lecture itself took almost half an hour, and while it was given in a courteous manner, it was all done in monotone that only Prowl himself could only seem to achieve. Even Will, whom had been present at the time, had nearly fallen asleep near half of it. Needless to say, Prowl was never asked to give the introduction again and the SIC had not seemed to mind.

_'__Or Sideswipe and Sunstreaker, or Mudflap and Skids, neither set of the terror twins would have been appropriate. Or Red Alert, too

paranoid, Or Blurr, no one would have been able to follow what that fast-talking Autobot is saying. Orâ€|.' _

Will may have personally respected each and every Autobot in NEST and felt pride in fighting alongside these amazing individuals. It was still easy to see why many of them would not have been the first choice in giving a good first impression.

"Is there a reason you are here, Ironhide?" Will asked turning back to the Autobot in question. He was always happy to see his friend/guardian but it was unusual to see the Autobot at this time of day when he would usually be at the range, doing target practice or as Epps had put it, _'blowing things up into a million pieces'_

It was only logical that NEST had switched to using more 'cost-friendly' targets when it was noted that they never tend to last very long, nor were there ever enough left to salvage when the trigger-happy Autobot was around.

"I am here to remind and escort you and Sergeant Epps to your meeting with Optimus," Ironhide answered, bringing Will out of his musing.

"Is it 9 already?" Will said surprised, he thought he had at least half an hour before his scheduled meeting with the Autobot leader.

Ironhide chuckled and dark amusement gleamed from his optics. "No it is currently 08:17, but something has happened and I think the both of you will want to get there a little earlier to see it."

Will frowned at the weapon specialist's vague answer but knew better than to press for more information. He looked at Epps who returned his questioning look with a shrug. Both of them turned back to the recruits who were still standing in attention waiting for more orders.

"At ease soldiers!" Epps ordered, taking over command easily. "As you have all survived training with Major Lennox today, you are dismissed so go clean yourself up. Report back here to me at 13:00."

"Yes Sir!" And with that all the recruits dispersed leaving the two commanding officers with the Autobot.

With another shift of metal and gears, Ironhide transformed to his alternate truck form and Will and Epps climbed into his cabin and they were off.

* * *

><p>The sound of a loud engine signalled the arrival of the Topkick along with its passengers as it pulled into the main Autobot hanger. However, instead of stopping by the main elevated platforms where the humans would usually stand on to meet the tall standing Autobots at eye-level, Ironhide continued on heading further into the direction leading left where many of the main offices were located.<p>

Will and Epps looked at each other curiously but remained silent trusting the black Autobot to take them where they needed to be. When Ironhide finally came to a halt, he parked himself near a giant door

and both men climbed out of his cabin.

Will looked at the giant sized door before him instantly recognizing it as the entrance of one of the main security offices. It was also where Red Alert, the Autobot's head security officer resided in.

"Why are we here, Ironhide? Was there a breach in security that I needed to know about?" Will asked his guardian, puzzled.

"Something like that," the weapon specialist answered with a knowing smirk which only made Will's curiosity deepened. Shrugging, he and Epps made their way following Ironhide through the large doors that slid open automatically once it confirmed the Autobot's identity for clearance.

Like the hanger, the main security office was a large open space that was designed to accommodate both humans and Autobots. Most of the human work stations were located at the higher levels that lined the walls and allowed sufficient space for Autobot and humans to travel freely without obstacles at the lower ground. In the middle of the room situated like a centerpiece of the whole place was the central work station. The grand station was designed to accommodate both Autobot and their human counterparts to work side by side of each other. Featuring technology that was combined with those descended from Cybertronian, the advance defense security can rival those of the Pentagon itself. The multiple screens from the central station were placed strategically so that it could be seen 360 degrees from all around. Some of the screens displayed security footages of numerous area of the NEST base that were monitored 24/7 while others showed complicated computer algorithms and even Cybertronian glyphs.

Despite the large size office, there were not many staffs, Autobots nor human, that worked regularly in security. Red Alert and Chief Security Officer Johnson were very selective in who worked in head security.

As Will walked by the central computers, he noted Red Alert was not there. From the numerous times that Will had frequented the main security headquarters, the paranoid Autobot was always at his work station monitoring the security footages diligently. He did, however, saw Maggie Madsen working at the central computers. The brilliant computer analyst looked up when they walked by but said nothing. She gave a nod of acknowledgment in which Will returned. Then to Will's surprised, Maggie gave him a look of amusement before she turned back to her work. He could see her shoulders shaking from the distance.

That was odd. Just what in the world was going on?

Finally the three visitors arrived to their destination that turned out be Red Alert's personal office. Upon entering, they were met with the sight of Optimus, Prowl, Red Alert and to their surprised, the twins, Sideswipe and Sunstreaker standing in the middle of the room.

It was Optimus who greeted them first. "Good morning Major Lennox, Sergeant Epps, I was not expecting you till later?" There was a slight inquisitive tone in the Prime's voice.

"We are early. Ironhide said there was something for us to see?" Will explained uncertainly.

Optimus threw Ironhide a suspicious look. The weapon specialist managed to look innocent. At least as innocent as any giant being with giant cannons attached to his form could look.

"I see," Optimus answered neutrally.

"What's with all the secrâ€|" Will trailed off when he finally noted what all the commotion was about. All the weird behavior and secrecy up to now suddenly made a whole lot more sense and Will found himself doing a double take.

Despite it being an office, it was a surprisingly bare room with no desk, no computers, no chairs and no filing cabinets. Nothing to indicate that it was an office. It was just _bare_.

It wasn't until Will's gaze slid to the odd hanging lighting fixture by the tall Autobot leader's right shoulder that he realized that it wasn't actually any light at all.

"Holy shit!" Epp expressed eloquently, but basically summing up all the thoughts in Will's head. They both stared up too astonished for words before they both cracked up in laughter. Epp laughed so hard that there were signs of stomach cramps beginning to emerge.

It turned out the "light fixtures" hanging by Optimus' shoulder was actually the back end of a chair. Following the odd sight, the location of the rest of the missing furniture was solved as they found Red Alert's giant desk, chair, and other furniture were all bolted up onto the 40 feet high ceiling. While it seemed disorientating to see the entire office decor hanging upside down from the ceiling. The welded metal used to secure the furniture in place seemed solid and did not seem to be at risk of falling anytime soon.

"You're relocating your office Red?" Will managed casually when he finally calmed down a little from his laughing. His joking comment caused Ironhide and the twins to start laughing as well, and even Optimus himself looked suspiciously like he was trying to hide a few chuckles behind a cough. Only Red Alert and Prowl remained unamused.

"As humorous as this seemed like to you Major Lennox, this is a breach in security. These troublemakers are trying to sabotage me and my very way of existence!" Red Alert stated accusingly pointing a finger to the twins.

The twins were quick to protest. "Oh come on Red, it was only a joke!" Sideswipe defended.

"Aren't you exaggerating a bit, I mean it's not like we don't have better things to do than to focus on ruining _your_ way of existence," remarked Sunstreaker dryly but was whacked in the arm by his silver twin. "Ow! Watch the paint, I just had it polished!"

"We are trying not to make him angry!" Sideswipe hissed though his voice could be heard by all the occupants in the room.

"And he's not angry now?" The yellow twin pointed out.

"Wellâ€¦ more angry!"

"This is retaliation because I caught you two causing mischief in the rec room last month," Red Alert yelled interrupting the argument between the two Autobots.

Unbeknownst to the red and white Autobot, Will and Epps both winced unconsciously at the memory of the stunt the twins pulled in the rec room not too long ago.

"I still can't eat chicken now since that had happened." Epps complained to Will quietly. To the Major's credit, Will was able to hold back the snigger that threatened to emerge at his friend's comment. It had been an unfortunate series of events that the black soldier had been one of the _'casualties'_ from the last prank pulled off by the twins.

Surprisingly, it was Ironhide that had come to the twins' defense. "At least no one was damaged this time Red."

"How could you say that, Ironhide?!"

Will continued to observe as the twins, Red Alert and his guardian continued to argue when he noted the only Autobot whom had remained silent during the entire time since he and others had arrived. Although to Will's knowledge, Prowl had always been a quiet individual and one of the few bots that the Major could never quite figure out. It did not mean that the SIC was suspicious. If anything, the law enforcing Autobot was loyal to a fault and brilliant in strategic planning and a huge asset when planning for battles. Prowl had just seemed very strict.

Even now, the SIC was standing stiffly in attention in what was supposed to be a casual meeting. His expression was neutral giving nothing in what he could be thinking as he observed the arguing Autobots with a critical optic. The doorwings on the black and white Autobot's back was standing at a perfect 60 degrees and seemed to be the only thing moving. Granted both wings had only twitched only a margin of an inch and would have been missed completely had Will not been paying attention.

Prowl had been among the most recent group of Autobots to have arrived to Earth along with Sunstreaker and Hound six months ago.

Hound had taken to the diverse biological atmosphere of Earth like a fish to water. The fact that the friendly green Autobot had originally been some sort of organic specialist had certainly helped and was often away on scouting missions and exploring the caverns and mountainous regions a few several miles away from base.

Sunstreaker was the complete opposite of Hound. The yellow Autobot did not like humans nor anything organic really and even been borderline hostile in the beginning. It was fortunate his easy-going silver twin was able to help the Autobot cope and the yellow Autobot became more tolerable. Although God help whomever messes with the narcissistic Autobot's pristine paint-job.

Prowl was welcomed by the Autobots, many of which had believed that the tactician had died eons ago. Prowl had accepted the welcome graciously and had taken back his role as the Prime's second-in-command that Jazz was only too happy to relinquish. His reaction to the organic life and the humans in general was difficult to evaluate. While Prowl had been courteous to the other human soldiers and respectful to Will, himself. Will suspected that the respect was for his station in rank rather than him as a person. The black and white Autobot was always seen working at his office or by Optimus' side. He was rarely seen interacting socially with others, humans or Autobots. He was justâ€¦distant.

"That is enough," ordered Optimus, the calm rumbling of his voice easily settled the arguing Autobots and took Will's attention away from the SIC. "Both Sideswipe and Sunstreaker have already been punished accordingly for their actions for that particular event and understand that the same will happen this time as well, Red Alert."

Red Alert huffed and crossed his arms across his chassis but said nothing more. His blue gaze never left the twins, his expression was stern.

"I trust that Prowl will deliver a suitable punishment for the twins." Optimus' gaze turned to the Autobot in question.

Hearing his Prime's orders, Prowl broke from his statue-like stance. "You two are to return Red Alert's office to precisely the way it was. After that, one month of your time will be spent in the brig."

"A whole month?!" the twins echoed in horror.

"But the punishment for what happened in the rec room was only two weeks!" Sunstreaker pointed out.

"We will be bored to death!" Sideswipe added.

Prowl's optics narrowed, though his facial plates remained neutral. "According to protocol, two weeks was sufficient time served for the previous incident."

"They had a protocol to cover for what happened last month?" Epps muttered disbelievingly though Will didn't comment. He suspected his friend's question to be rhetorical.

"Not only did both of you not modify your behavior accordingly, you entered a high security office without proper authorization and vandalized the area. The punishment was adjusted to suit the crime."

Both Sideswipe and Sunstreaker turned to look at Optimus pleadingly hoping for some leniency but was disappointed when the Autobot leader chuckled softly. "A fair punishment." Optimus agreed, "I suggest the both you get started in fixing the office now."

The twins both sagged in defeat but nodded grudgingly, accepting their fate.

With the matter settled, Optimus addressed his human friends again. "How was training with the soldiers today, Major Lennox?"

Will smiled. "I think they are all still adjusting but I can see their potentials. I had already informed them that as of tomorrow, they will be spending more of their training in coordinating with other Autobots."

"I am pleased hear that. I will assign the Autobots accordingly to fit with your soldiers' training schedule. Prowl here can also assist to fine tune your training methods." Optimus replied.

Will turned to look at Prowl uncertainly. It was not that he doubted the Autobot's ability to help with training. In fact, the Autobot's logical mind would be of great help in planning tactical strategies that could very well save lives. However, it was not like the Autobot Commander volunteered for the task himself and Will would hate for the busy Autobot to feel obligated to help.

"I appreciate the offer, Optimus." Will replied slowly before addressing the SIC himself. "That is if you are not already too busy."

In response, Prowl's returned his gaze, and blinked his optics once. His head tilt slightly as if what Will had said confused him. "Do you doubt my ability to assist you in training the new soldiers, Major?"

"What? Of course not!" Will spluttered. "I just know that you already have a lot of responsibilities, I don't want you to feel like you are obligated to help."

The Autobot's doorwings seemed to stiffen. "My logical processor was designed to handle multiple functions and tasks at any given time. Adding one more task will not diminish my efficiency. How I feel about the task is not relevant."

"Prowl, I believe Major Lennox was only trying to be considerate of your well-being. It was not to question your ability." Optimus admonished. To his credit, the SIC looked slightly chastised.

"Apologies, Major. Your consideration is noted but unnecessary."

"It's uhâ€¦ okay Prowl. No harm done." Will said, rubbing the back of his neck. "As long as you are alright with it."

"Of course."

There was a brief silence after that.

"Awkwardâ€¦" Epps muttered and Will glared at his friend only for his eyes to widen in surprised. "Are you taking pictures of the room?"

Sometime during his exchange with Prowl, his friend had taken out his cellphone and started taking photos of the modified décor of the office. Epps grinned as he took another photo. The automatic click sound the phone made after each picture taken seemed to punctuate the

absurdity of the scene.

"Figured we will need some photographic evidence when I write my report," was the Sergeant's explanation.

Will rolled his eyes in response. Epps knew very well that for matters like these, Prowl would usually be the one to take care of the reports.

"You two really went all out this time." Epps commented appreciatively to the twins like he was admiring a work of art. "You even have the datapad and energon cube placed on the table. What did you guys use to keep those things from falling off?"

"Superglue," Sideswipe answered with a proud smirk.

"_Industrial_ strength superglue," Sunstreaker added.

Epps chuckled at that. "Nice!" Another picture taken.

Red Alert frowned. "Sergeant, I would appreciate if you would desist in encouraging these two."

Whatever Epps was going to say in response was put on hold when a sound of a phone ringing interrupted him. A sound that was not emitted from his own phone.

Will froze when he recognized the ring tone from his own. The sound of it filled him with dread. The phone was only ever used by his wife, Sarah to reach him. Cell phones like his was only given to a selected few in NEST including Epps and the phones were modified by the Autobots, themselves so that they were untraceable by enemies, and has reception so strong and widespread that his family would be able to reach him anywhere in the world without interference.

Due to his busy and sporadic schedule, Will usually would have a designated time to spend talking with his wife and his young three-year old daughter, Annabelle. Any other time when Sarah called him or vice versa, was for emergencies only.

This was an emergency.

"I'm sorry, I have to take this," Will apologized and immediately took his phone out of his pocket, pressing the green icon on its screen to answer.

"Sarah?! What's wrong? Are you ok? Is Annabelle alright?" his voice was tensed. Out of the corner of his eye, he noted the other Autobots and Epps were looking at him with varying levels of concern. His guardian, Ironhide looked especially worried as he also understood that Sarah would not call him out of the blue for nothing.

"Will? I'm alright and Annabelle is fine." The familiar voice of his wife answered and Will let out a breath of relief.

"Are you sure you and Annabelle are alright?" he asked again.

"Of course Will, don't worry about that." Sarah reassured him patiently.

"Then why did you call me? Did something happened?" Will asked. The relief that he had been feeling drained away when his wife didn't answered immediately. "Sarah?"

"I don't know how to tell you this so I'm just going to say it." Sarah hesitated. "Maybe you should sit down first."

Will looked doubtfully at the furniture hanging from the ceiling.

"Ummâ€¦ I don't think I can do that. You know when you say things like that it will only make me worry more." Will tried to joke lamely.

"I got a call from the hospital just now. Willâ€¦ they were calling about Evelyne."

Will felt like his world just tilted on an axle. "Evelyne?" he echoed weakly.

"She was found and taken to the hospital last night."

"What do you mean '_found'_? Is sheâ€¦" Will couldn't find it in himself to say the words.

"No! No! She's alive! She's in surgery right now." Sarah clarified. "They didn't give me a lot of information. But Willâ€¦" she paused. "It sounded like she was in really bad shape."

"Bad? How bad?! What do you mean surgery?! Just what happened to her?!" Will pressed, he was trying his hardest to stay calm.

"They don't know what happened to her. They just found her and doing the best that they can to treat her."

Will had heard enough and made a quick decision. "I am going to see her. Which hospital is it?"

Sarah gave him the name of the hospital and Will was shocked to recognize the name of it. It was one of the main hospitals located by his home. It was the same hospital Annabelle was born in. Did that mean Evelyne was back after being missing for so long? He wasn't sure what to make of it. So many unanswered questions.

"Do you want me to go there first?" Sarah asked, bringing Will out his troubled thoughts.

"What? No Sarah, you stay home with Annabelle. I will take the first available flight over and go directly to the hospital."

"But that's almost an 8 hour flight! It makes more sense for me to go there first," his wife protested.

"I know," Will admitted grimly. "But all this sounds too suspicious and until I find out more of what happened, I want you and Annabelle safe at home. Please Sarah, do this for me and I promised I will call you once I find out what happened."

Sarah was silent and Will could tell that his strong-willed wife had wanted to argue.

"Alright," Sarah finally relented with a sigh. "Just remember to call me when you arrived."

"I will," he promised. "I love you."

"Of course you do, and I love you too," Sarah answered and Will smiled slightly at her familiar response before they both hung up.

There was a moment of silence in which Will had almost forgotten that he was still in a large office with six Autobots and his one human best friend. The silence was soon broken as multiple voices erupted all at once.

"Is everything alright Major Lennox?"

"Sarah and Annabelle are fine right?"

"Who in the pit is Evelyne?!"

That last question was from Ironhide. Will could tell that his guardian was disturbed that he didn't know about this mysterious person that was apparently an important part of his life and Will couldn't blame Ironhide for being upset. He had never really told anyone about Evelyne. Only Sarah knew and even she didn't know all the details.

Will had never meant to keep it as a secret. It was just the subject never came up especially when she lost contact with him for so many years. He looked at Ironhide then to the other individuals in the room. It was like everyone was expecting him to reveal some huge secret. But the truth was like tearing off the scab of an old wound.

"Evelyne Lennox is my niece," he explained grimly.

~to be continued...~

* * *

><p>Author's Notes:<p>

I want to give a special thanks to Swanna who had been helping me edit my story and giving me wonderful ideas. Despite my best efforts, grammar is still my worst enemy. For those of you who are Fushigi Yuugi fans or generally anime fans, please check out her story "Echoes of the Past" It is honestly a wonderful read.

To my reviewers:

Dear Guest: Thank you for being my first reviewer! Despite the use of coarse language in the prologue, it is only to fit the character and scene happening at the time. It was not meant to offend. Although to be fair, I should have posted a fair warning in the beginning which I will be doing from now on. There won't be too many uses of harsh languages though as I am usually someone who rarely swears in life. I will try not to make the story plot too slow but like I said, Prowl is a pretty complex character, it may take a while for him to develop romantic feelings for anybody much less, for a human woman. Please

stay tune!

Dear Jessenia22: I see that you are as much of an avid reader as myself. Thank you for supporting a Prowl/OC fic. I hope I will not disappoint. I will try to update regularly but life can be pretty busy. At least I can promise to write long chapters so hopefully the wait will be worth it at least.

End
file.